

## **Astrolabe**

I calculate a peanut  
that is the sun  
sits fathoms apart from  
roving Jupiter, a speck  
pummelling the blank  
substance with  
no reason to be there,  
and see  
the finesse in the detail  
twixt rock and molten core  
is escaping the program  
of the ages  
and bathing in the cracks  
between fire and ice

the crux of it  
is planet earth  
planted in orbit  
about a sun  
smattered  
galactic hell

This spliced  
is life;  
through the fire-door  
in pyjamas, a space walk  
on the rosary of jettisoned  
rocket stages,  
piping the paralysing ricochet  
of radio beamed thoughts  
to star afar; "who am I?  
who is there?  
who is breathing in the dark?"

## **Shipley Valley Afternoon**

In the silly still air;  
bird sounds from a  
speck of dust suspended  
in the stone library

almighty leaves alone  
against sky, a  
parapet of dire falls  
isolate the cry

frosty air tends the ear  
and clasps neck, a  
horse thuds on turf, a plane  
pricks the evening gown

banjo frogs lament an  
empty wineglass  
I am tied Tom fool and  
grown senseless to it all

the bird is still barking  
cooler, cooler the blue  
– it's a cockatoo

## **Braided Ham**

Shooting off into the dark art chart part  
with a lanky lumberjack vagabond nose  
in a blue jinxed disaster car dashless on  
great unfortunate wheels one flawless fall  
that put a cigarette hole in my India blanket.  
Wanderlust took it and us into a vacuole of  
blue sky peppered with squirrel trees for a  
weekend alone, we two, alone by an ill sea  
whose guts had been brought up on the sand  
by a storm. The stink permeated everything.  
We lit a fire, got drunk, and writhed with  
frustrated dreams. Later I walked alone  
along the perimeter of the ocean  
a cue ball of desire bulging in my pocket,  
to find rocks to smash my egg on, hard by a dead  
sting-ray lying upturned, mucousy; a lump of tripe.  
I filmed you clambering up a promontory  
in black and white, by soundless surf;  
scarfed explorers clutching glasses of wine  
we had stayed past closing time.

## I am Flesh

Our place  
in the perfect  
space  
might be compared  
to the gritter  
between tiles

This is our  
luck

Born to extend  
our home  
our comfort zone  
we utilise  
the rungs of reason

what more  
than this?

Our purpose is all  
our own  
it does not  
satisfy  
to dream

but to act  
we  
bend our mind  
to its role

: there is no soul

Religion is the viri  
of human  
society it  
distracts us from our ability  
to think clearly  
when priests speak  
to stir blind faith  
it evokes passion;  
it is irrelevant

## I am Spirit

My place  
in the perfect  
face  
is the glitter  
in the eye  
or a smile

this is His  
wish

Born into a gift  
of love, by love,  
expelled  
I roam  
this to believe –

Wisdom exists.

My purpose is all  
I know  
I am alive  
not a  
machine

a mind  
attuned  
by action  
is my goal

: I am pure soul

Worldliness is the viri  
of the mind  
venal thoughts  
distract us from the goal  
of charity  
and science seeks  
to break our faith,  
our core purpose;  
it is irreverent

We seek to know life  
and are strict  
in our knowing

show us the tangible

This is the life.  
This is the edict.  
It is beyond knowing

but yet it is here

## Prayer from the Terrapolis

{**Terrapolis**; <sup>1</sup>tɛrəpəlɪs, *n.* A city that covers the Earth.}

come with me my son  
and I'll tell you something I heard believe  
that is the world is round, rolls  
toils and round that its city lets roil  
and seethe and breath and blow  
the boil of a thousand  
timepieces running useless

I, dressed in rags, a plain old fart,  
say "let the world know itself through art"  
will you like me a drunk in the sunken quarter  
lie shat in the old town, a concrete tomb  
and dream a nightmare under spy satellite?  
a nightmare blowing cold and warm  
fused to a candle burning in the night air,  
fondly forgetting the never –  
lying breathing the never never fever

I dream that up to me through the dark street  
walks a man like myself - "yes Sam. Listen twice." he says  
his is the eye that never sleeps  
as still-backed water reflects a moon  
amid oil rainbows + star ship skeletons  
that star that in fever I dream and cry  
"favour me master. hand my hold & inform me"  
blissed by pills I have an after-life taster and see  
God Eyed Theo the Styx river burning rafter

swaddled you waddle to Memphis  
missioned to evolute or pollute  
a prise from the mouths of black holes  
we are parts in all life's common strain  
all sprung from common media  
we are the spores exhaled across a dish by time  
Invented, just as when you are hearing this  
in some other life and I am just a fiction -  
and the spark in my eye is as dead as nova

[plant me  
there  
one foot deep  
- unsoul me]

our rivers stopped running last year  
whilst they rinse space with their wings  
& construct citadel piano lands  
radio shacks and far away Salome's  
yet here under the Olgas I rear you  
my hands planted on the wheel of your life  
I fear for you. Ruining string, we bail air  
while they lifeboats return for the preciousthing  
return to drink and mate like flies on a pond  
with a belch coloured bilge whelp – burp!  
heaving out to the sky from the city gullet

I will you will not live in a polis  
that bleeds ruddy car cases into the rivers  
and rots frond-like designs touching the stratus,  
fit to amaze in blessed metal and noise  
and nuclear light, the thrum thrum  
of reactors tiding you to a sleep  
filled with implanted wrongs.  
Can i not place  
a ganga stone lingam in the hand  
of the tiny baby on my knee?  
Flogging the greasy air  
barely awake - to him  
I am a remote abstraction of  
care outside his understanding.

*gather him in coils of hope  
I tread the mortal stair  
and carry my boy into time  
though know nothing  
of what lurketh there*



Supposing there is no end or  
beginning  
the universe not expanding  
from some big bang  
but brought into largeness through perspective

and so light also relatively  
ageless and  
always fresh  
as when first flicked

'first' is the bastard child

An old man running dough through the spaghetti machine; a universe  
branching and unbranching; both are wrung like an idea from foam.

## **the Lobe**

tigers and bathers  
crescent over water  
in an ebon pool

a peacock in prison  
in a pen  
of peahen

man stands in the image | mirage thin  
white dhoti at full mast  
his smile a bird polishing the sky

in the room  
in a wardrobe in the room  
woman sit in lotus

outside a child  
in passing might think:  
'I hear a sound'

## Byronic urge

I found a scrap of paper, on which was written:

Byronic urge  
to which I think I said "I'm no Byron"

Don Juan  
Sweet Childe in time

"and when not meditating  
probably wanking"

Garden 0 Sylph  
Quick white breast  
amongst  
the tussocks

Deep in the forest  
". must to India"

A distant calling in his heart  
yearning - not knowing - feeling  
a word - unyielding - to &  
fro-ing

foot to dusky India  
Foot to Morris Olford  
dusty soul  
planted  
!  
B A M

indigo blue  
a stroller  
fig plum under  
thought he found his lover  
believe - twitch  
train and bus to Ganesh  
& that thing  
yeah

what would he find? *perpetua*  
& the answer  
in  
I N D I A

train through rocky graze  
& punch  
rails  
opposite a man in linen  
who spake of Ireland  
a convent there  
a refined air

around  
me  
towers  
rise like the rocks that part Hispania's  
land from Gaul

didn't bother me at all

a well  
a fish

I stood and dropped my mind in -  
the fish ate it  
all my thoughts went through the fish's guts  
it was lively  
it was velveteen

fifteen inch spanner

portwine news  
how to hold on to the figurine?  
how to print the news today?